I Love to Fake It by brokenpromisesandhope

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: F/M
Language: English
Characters: Barbara "Barb" Holland, Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Original Male Character(s), Steve Harrington
Relationships: Nancy Wheeler/Original Male Character(s), Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler
Status: Completed
Published: 2018-11-15
Updated: 2018-11-15
Packaged: 2022-04-23 03:01:37
Rating: Mature
Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply
Chapters: 1
Words: 2,289
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

Nancy asks Steve to do her a favor.

I Love to Fake It

Author's Note:

> Hey yall. Unbeta'd but like I wrote this all today so I NEEDED to POST IT.
> please COMMENT/KUDOS/leave me nice messages @nancythebisexualslutwheeler.tumblr
> xx
> T

It's Nancy who'd approached him with it. She was talking to this college guy who wouldn't take her virginity and didn't believe she wasn't a Virgin. However, since they were best friends, Steve did in fact, know that she'd lost her virginity in tenth grade to Jimmy Nolan, the senior baseball captain.

Steve had been on the baseball team at the time, well he still was, but he'd listened to all the locker room talk about how Jimmy had scored this hot tight pussy, he'd just listened like the rest of the team. Him go on and on about her body and how eager she was and how she wasn't as innocent as everyone thought.

Steve had nearly puked at lunch, when Nancy, his best friend since fucking, like birth, coyly tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and said,
"Guess what I did this weekend?"

And the literal last thing he wanted to know about his best friend was how loud she was while getting her pussy ate.

Thankfully Jimmy wasn't mean to her, they fucked a few more times throughout the year, but thankfully Steve never had to hear about it again. It's not that Nancy gave him a play by play every time it had happened, but knowing what Jimmy had already said, his cheeks flushed every single time.

She hadn't slept with anyone since then, while as far as he knew. He figured she'd tell him, the same way he told her he'd banged Carol Thompson their junior year. Nancy'd begged for details that he

wasn't exactly comfortable giving, but she didn't push, just kicked him under the lunch table and said,

"I never pegged you as coy, Harrington."

So Steve should really not be surprised, he's heard about the college guy, dubbed JP because apparently his brother was also a senior like them, when Nancy sits down at lunch one day, and has a game plan. She looks gorgeous, brown curls falling down her shoulders, light eye makeup, and red lipstick that matches her low cut top.

"Tommy's having a party on Friday night!"

He nods,

"Yeah I know."

"So we gotta go so we can hook up!"

His eyes bug out of his head,

"I'm sorry, what?"

She leans across the table, and he can see the mole low on her cleavage. He's going to hell. No one should love their best friend this much.

"Fake hook up of course! Listen, half the school will be there. JP's brother will be for sure! So look, we just gotta like grind, drink, maybe kiss a bit, and head up to a bedroom. It'll get around easy enough and then he'll finally fuck me!" She says excitedly .

"Nance, I don't,"

"Oh come on! I know you don't have a crush on anyone right now. And I'm sure the whole school thinks we're fucking anyway! Is it, am I not pretty to you? You don't want people to think-" she trails off.

"No! No! Of course not, shut up. I'm just, this is the only way?"

Nancy rolls her eyes,

“Apparently. He doesn’t believe me. I don’t know why, we both know I’m a dirty slut,” she winks at him and he groans, “please! Stevie please!”

“Fine, fine,” he can do this, he can.

***

Steve cannot do this. Nancy is at his front door with her hair pulled up in some sort of messy bun thing with loose pieces everywhere, and huge silver hoops. He loves her hair up. She’s got on dark makeup and a deep purple lipstick and a black shirt so low cut it may as well not be a shirt at all. She’s got on a leather skirt that starts low on her hips, showing off her belly button ring and thigh high black boots. He swallows hard.

“I look good right?”

“You look-“

“Sexy?” She supplies, looking up at him from under her lashes.

“extremely sexy.”

She claps and bounces, he sends a silent prayer,

“Yay! Thank you. Let’s go.”

They walk, because tommy lives like three blocks away and they both plan on being drunk. The party is in full swing when they arrive and Nancy beeline them straight to the booze. She’s always been a big fan of shots, and she makes them each do two before she pours them a vodka red bull that’s way more vodka than Red Bull.

Steve’s content to be a wallflower and Nancy allows it for a bit, just standing in front of him, drinking her drink and leaning back to make occasional comments. Finally some song starts playing and Nancy squeals, downing her drink, and pulling Steve to the middle where everyone’s dancing. He quickly downs his, doesn’t wanna spill on either of them, and suddenly Nancy’s grinding on him.

She has no qualms about it, throws her arms around his neck and

shimmies down, ass rubbing him in the most delicious way. He's a bit drunk from the alcohol but not drunk enough to reciprocate. It's not until Nancy puts his hands on her waist that he moves with her.

They dance for a few songs before she bounces away to get more drinks. They down the drinks in like five minutes at Nancy's insistence, and she wraps her arms around his neck, facing him this time. She is so goddamn beautiful.

Within what feels like minutes, he's drunk. On cheap liquor, on Nancy, on the darkness, on the music. Finally Nancy leans up and whispers in his ear,

"You're gonna have to kiss me," she slurs.

Steve's brain shorts out, and Nancy spins around, going back to grind on him. He starts by wrapping his arms tighter around her bare waist. Her skin is so soft and he rubs it gently. She tips her head back to rest on his shoulder and he kisses her neck. She moans, loudly, and her hips slow down. He's pretty sure he has an erection, but Nancy pays that no mind, maybe even grinds harder, dropping herself to the floor and pushing back up. Finally Steve gives in and spins her around, kissing her hard. It's sloppy and wet and nothing like he thought their first kiss would be, and then Nancy's pushing him against the wall, kissing the everloving shit out of him.

She's sucking on his lower lip and rucking his shirt up, scratching at his abs, or licking into his mouth and pulling on her hair. He hitches her leg up to wrap around him and she moans,

"Yes," before all but jumping in his arms.

He catches her of course, hands resting on her ass. She kisses him eagerly and he's so lightheaded, and then someone's shouting,

"Get a room!"

Nancy whips around, lipstick smeared, half gone,

"Maybe we will!"

Steve carries Nancy upstairs, trying not to relish too much in the way

her eyes widen and she squeezes his biceps. Once they get into the bedroom, he sets her down gently, and she shuts the door.

“What do we so now?” he slurs, sitting on the edge of the bed.

“Strip Harrington,” she says, pulling her top over her head. She’s wearing an emerald green push up bra and his jeans are uncomfortably tight.

“Wha?”

She sighs, slipping off her boots,

“Just, trust me. Down to your underwear babe,” she says with an exaggerated wink.

Steve stands up and pulls his shirt over his head,

“Holy shit,” whistles Nancy, kicking her skirt off and sauntering over to him, she runs her hands up his abs, “You are, hot.”

Steve blushes and unbuttons his pants,

“Thank you.”

“No one else I’d rather fake hook up with,” she says, smiling, “Get on the bed,” she pushes at him lightly.

He swallows hard, right, fake hook up,

“You’re bossy.”

“You have no idea.”

She crawls on top of him and leans down to kiss him again. It’s good, it’s so good and there isn’t many layers between them, and Steve just lays there and kisses back softly, trying not to blow his load in his pants. Finally Nancy pulls his arms up to unhook her bra,

“Wait what?” he asks, trying to focus.

She shakes her head,

“It’s not a big deal. It’ll look better from the back if someone walks in.”

“Someone walks in?! Nancy are you crazy?”

She shrugs, grinding down on him with a smirk,

“Probably.”

But she unhooks her bra. Steve is. He can’t breathe. Nancy fucking Wheeler is on top of him. Naked from the waist up. She has good tits. Amazing tits in fact. They’re perky and kinda big, and her pink nipples are hard and she’s biting her lip coyly, staring down at him,

“Holy shit.”

She smiles,

“Yeah?”

Steve nods. His hands are on his hips, he doesn’t really know what to say, when she tugs one hand up,

“You can touch if you want,” she says slowly, seductively.

Steve lets her tug him, hand just nearly caressing soft skin when the door flies open. Steve jolts up, pulling Nancy against his chest to cover her. Her hard nipples are pressed against his chest and he groans. He looks up. It’s Barbara Holland and Jonathan Byers. Bard and Nancy used to be friends in middle school, and there had been a tentative truce for a while, but then it turned to pure hatred, when her and Jonathan got together.

“Uh, are we surprised it’s the local skank?”

“Oh fuck off,” says Nancy.

She snorts,

“Hope you’re using protection,” she tells Steve slamming the door.

Nancy sits there for a moment and then moves. Slowly climbs off

Steve and gets dressed, he does the same.

“You think it worked?” She asks, holding her leg out to him so he can zip her boot.

He’s just staring at her and his heart is literally breaking. It was all a ploy. It really was. To get JP to bed. Once they’re dressed, they head downstairs and Steve can feel all eyes on them. He feels like he’s gonna be sick. And it has nothing to do with the alcohol. They head out the door and Nancy loops her arm around his so they can start the walk home. Steve pulls away. He can’t. He just really can’t. He pulls away,

“I’m gonna take the long way.”

“What?” She asks, concerned.

“I’m gonna take the long way. Look, I’ll call you an Uber,” he pulls out his phone, and requests one quickly.

Nancy’s staring at him, blue eyes narrowed,

“What the hell Steve? We fake hooked up and you can’t even walk me home?!”

Steve shakes his head,

“This was a mistake.”

“What do you mean?” she demands, crossing her arms over her chest, “You think what Barb said is true huh? That I’m a skank? You think I’m desperate?” She asks, voice getting increasingly louder.

“Stop it, you’re drunk,” Steve says.

“I am not! I’m fine! Tell me. Tell me why you’re shooing me away like some fucking,” she hesitates as if trying to find the right word, “some fucking whore!” she flings her arms up and a sedan turns down the street.

“Stop saying that shit about yourself!” Steve growls.

“Tell me why!” she hollers, blue eyes wide.

Steve opens the back door and all but shoves her in the car,

“Because it’s not fake to me! My feelings aren’t fake!”

Her mouth snaps shut and Steve shuts the door and starts down the street.

***

Nancy doesn’t call or text him all weekend. Probably cause she’s fucking JP, his brain unhelpfully supplies. Monday rolls around and he really wants to ditch, but he has homework due in Calc and it’s really not worth it. Nancy’s already in class, sitting in her regular seat, next to his. She looks like shit. Face bare of makeup, dark circles under her eyes, hair pulled up into a sloppy ponytail, wearing one of his sweatshirts and leggings. Steve considers not sitting next to her, but he does anyway. Time to face the music. She looks up at him, a bit surprised. He surprised himself too.

“Can we talk at lunch?” she asks quietly.

“Yeah, we can do that.”

Lunch comes quickly, and Nancy’s sitting at their usual table, picking at a salad.

“I didn’t sleep with JP,” is the first thing she says.

Steve raises an eyebrow,

“Why not?”

She sighs,

“I wasn’t fair to you. I, I should have suggested the stupid hook up idea anyway. I, I wasn’t trying to seduce you, I really wasn’t, I just,” she sighs again, “I took it too far.”

Steve snorts,

“No shit.”

She shakes her head,

“Now that’s what you’re not getting. I took it too far because you’re you. I like you Steve.”

“You like me?”

She shrugs,

“It’s always there, you know? I just thought it was normal to be a little in love with your best friend. But then, when we were kissing and in bed, I didn’t want you to stop. I wanted,” she looks down, “I wanted you to make love to me. So bad, more than anything else. And I understand I hurt you, but, when you said you liked me too, I just, I fucked up. And I want to be with you. Not JP, not anyone else. Just you. For real.”
Steve just stares, taking it all in. Nancy starts picking at her nails, something she does when she’s nervous. He grabs her hands, stealing them,

“You got one thing wrong,” he says, running his fingers over the veins in her hands.

“What?” she asks.

“I don’t like you,” she stares, eyes wide, “I love you,” Steve says.

“You’re such a loser Harrington.”

And she leans across the table to kiss him.